

10. **CONCLUSIONS**

Harold Archer burst into uncontrollable laughter as his uncle drew forth the card and threw it upon the table.

The professor's palms were sweating profusely.

"Suppose," said he, "that we should choose the man outside. He is unknown to us all, I suppose."

"Bully!" cried Harold Archer. "I'll bet the limit. We can follow him in a cab. Say, this is out of sight."

"Where'll he be half an hour after we get in, eh?" said "Honest Dan."

"All right. Let's call the ante \$20."

The man in the black suit slowly opened his eyes and straightened his back.

"Gentlemen," said he, "if I'm not intruding"—

"Not in the least as far as I'm concerned," said "Honest Dan." "The more the merrier."

"And now how does the bet stain?" continued Farley. "There'll be no arrest. This man, whoever he may be, is free to go where he likes. If he goes to the Fifth Avenue hotel he'll get there inside of half an hour, and Mr. Archer will win. But our friend is not a prince of cards; he can be acute high or deuce low any time that he wants to be, and, unfortunately, he's not a prince of a show."

"We haven't long to wait," said Archer. "We're across the Harlem river. But Jungo, this man has been a great game!"

The train rumbled through the tunnel, and the last in the state where all the persons concerned in this narrative promptly alighted. At the gate the man who was not Forbes Holland was met by a youth who greeted him with affection.

"How is my brother?" asked the traveler eagerly.

"Oh, he's ever so much better," cried the boy. "He's all right now, the doctor says."

The man put a hand suddenly to his eyes.


"I'm glad, glad!" he stammered and then, with a smile, "Since he's all right, I won't hurry. I'll sit across from the Grand Conductor. I have no morsel of dinner, I've been too anxious to eat since morning and I'm faint with hunger."

"Forty-second street is a long way north of Twenty-second," said the boy.

Farley. "Gentlemen, I stand to win."

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President William Rainey Harper of Chicago university is head of an institution numbering some 3,000 students. His passion is the study of the Semitic languages and literature, but to maintain good order among the young men under his jurisdiction he has to give attention oftentimes to problems that apparently have very little to do with scholastic research. He has recently been studying how to keep the student away from what are known as the "bad lands" of the Lake avenue district. That is the only district in the part of Chicago where the university is located in which liquor is sold. As is well known, John D. Rockefeller takes a great interest in Chicago university and he is a total abstinence advocate. It



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"There I am, mother," said Michael, making as though he had just entered the house. "I was delayed."

The answer satisfied Mrs. Kelly, who felt for Michael's hand and patted it softly and fell asleep.

Neighbors, relatives and friends were cautioned to do or say nothing to undeeve Mrs. Kelly. As the time for Lawrence's funeral approached, Michael was in straits to control his emotion sufficiently to carry out the deception.

"We're going out awhile, mother," said James Kelly, another son. "Are you going, too, Lawrence?" asked the mother. "Yes, mother." replied Michael, "I'm going too. We have a little business to attend to."

"You'll be back in time for supper?" asked the old woman. "Yes. I'll be here at supper time," cheerily responded Michael, bending to kiss her.

While Lawrence was being buried his mother, watched by a neighborhood peacefully in her armchair.

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